Enter Queene, Lord *Riuers and Gray.*

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his maieſtie,
Will ſoone recouer his accuſtomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therfore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly ſonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the truſt of Rich. Glouceſter,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. It is concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But ſo it muſt be if the King miſcarrie, *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maieſtie ioyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Counteſſe Richmond good my Lord of Darby,
To your good prayers will ſcarcely ſay, *Amen*:
Yet Darby, notwithſtanding ſhees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beſeech you either not beleeue
The enuious ſlaunders of her accuſers,
Or if ſhe be accuſed in true report,
Beare with her weakeneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and *I*,
Came from viſiting his Maieſtie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace ſpeakes chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam we did: He deſires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloceſter and your brothers,
And betwxt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And

And ſent to warne them ot his royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be.
I feare our happineſſe is at the higheſt. *Enter Gloceſter.*
Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not indure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the King?
That I forſooth am ſterne loue them not:
By wholy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious rumors:
Becauſe I cannot flatter and ſpeake faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apiſh courteſie,
I muſt be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus in ſimpla truth muſt be abuſde
By ſilken ſlie inſinuating Iackes?
Ri. To home in this preſence ſpeakes your grace?
Glo. To thee that haſt nor honeſtie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall perſon
(Whome God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kindred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The grounds of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,

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